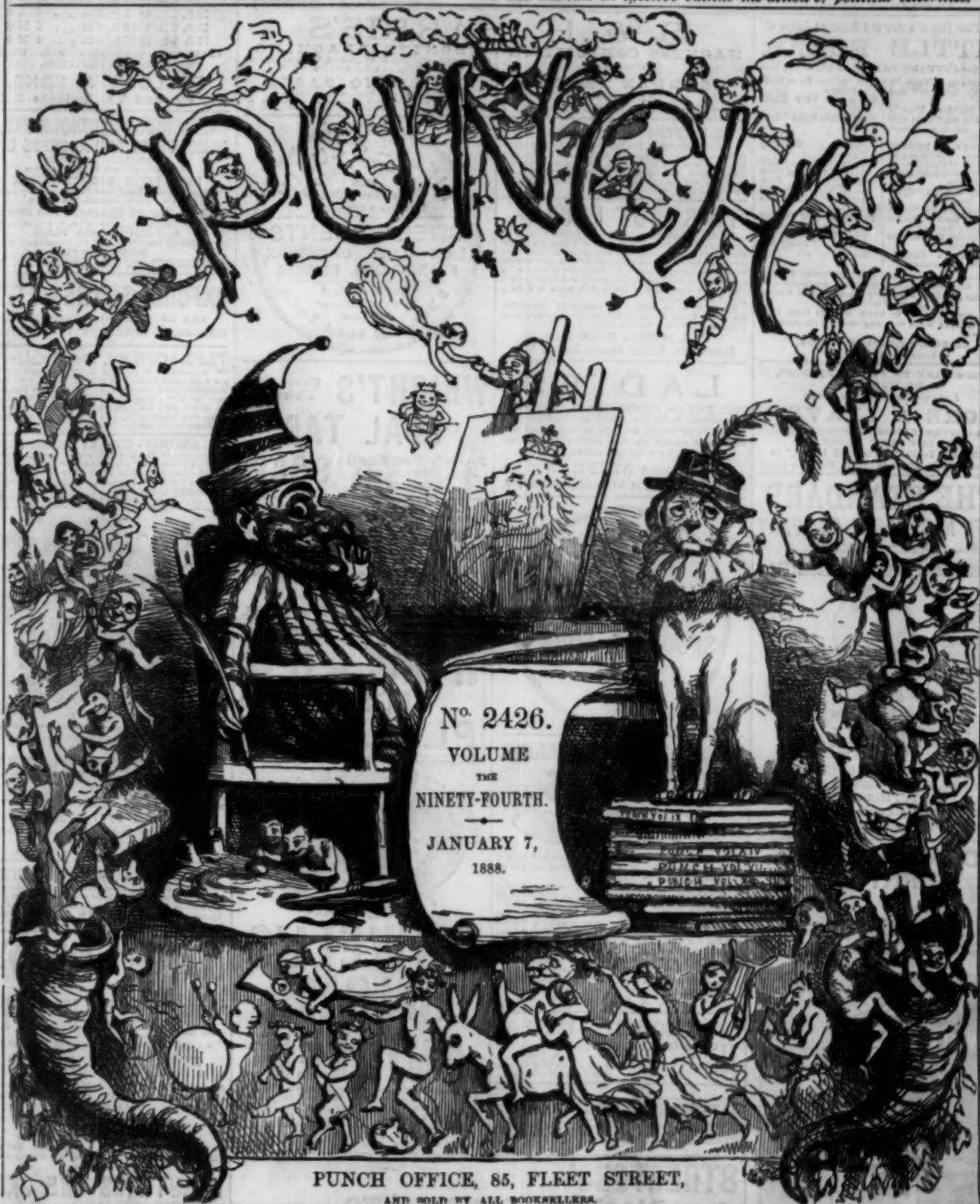


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### VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—Madame Tussaud's.

IN THE HALL OF KINGS.

Several Visitors gazing at the figures, with the air of persons afraid they are taking a liberty; Enter Habitual Donkey and Donkeyess.

The Habitual Donkey (for the mere sake of saying something). Here you are, you see!

A Visitor (who knew the figures when they were at Baker Street). They've arranged them different to what they used to be!

[Is disappointed, without knowing why, exactly. First Female Ghoul (to Second ditto.). Whatever they've done, I do 'ope they've not done away with the "Chamber of 'Orrors." I wouldn't give anything to see it if that's gone!

Comic Cockney (inspecting group of William the First and Matilda). Know what they're a saying, POLLY?

Polly (giggling by anticipation). No, JIM—what?

The C. C. Well, he's blowing her up: "Look 'ere, MATILDA," he sez, "I'm 'anged if they 'aven't bin and let the Throne-room fire out again!" And she sez, "It's no use bullyraggin' me, BILLIAM, speak to the Lord 'Ish Chamberlain about it—it's 'is business."

Polly. How you do go on, to be sure! Who are these two? Oh, "RICHARD THE FIRST, and BERRENGARIA" (pronounced to rhyme with "Maria"). What are they saying?

The C. C. She's doing all the talking: "Now, do take an umbrella like a sensible man," she sez, "that nasty battle-axe 'll be no good at all, if it comes on to rain!"

Polly (with an ecstatic nudge). Oh, you are a silly! (Which is her highest meed of praise.)

[They come to Richard the Second and Isabella of Valois. The C. C. Looks sorry for himself, don't he? "Well, it's done now, and we must make the best of it,"—them's their sentiments.

Female of the H. D. (reading from Catalogue). "Married to the English King when only seven years old,"—pore thing—that's young to be married!

The H. D. (after pondering this observation critically). Yes. She looks more than that there, though.

IN THE GRAND SALOON.

Crowd (round the seated figure of William Cobbett). Ain't he natural, too! Ram old oove to look at, eh? That's a snuff-box he's 'olding. You 'll see his 'ed go round presently.

[Mr. Cobbett's head turns suddenly with a bland stare. All the women give a little start, and go off to the sleeping figure of Madame Ste. Amaranthe.

The H. D. (reading from Catalogue). "Taken from life a few months before her execution."—A very fortunate escape!

His Female (looking over his shoulder). But it says she died by the guillotine!

The H. D. So it do. Ah, well—that (desperately) was no doubt on some other occasion.

Before a group among which Queen Elizabeth, Henry the Seventh, and Sir Francis Bacon are represented. . . This is a very dramatic and appropriate tableau, by the way, and, in the absence of Shakespeares, almost solves the great problem.

A Visitor (referring to Queen Elizabeth's costume). You don't see dresses like that nowadays.

The H. D. (to his Female). You've read all the fuss they're making about that BACON, haven't you?

His Female. No, I didn't see it. (She is the kind of person who can read any paper all through and never "see" anything. He reads a newspaper occasionally, and retains a general idea of the contents.) What fuss?

The H. D. Well, I didn't read it very carefully myself, but it seems that SHAKESPEARE wrote all BACON's Cryptograms, and never got the credit for them.

His Female (indignantly). What a shame!

[They arrive at a group representing Bright, Cobden, Lord Brougham, and Daniel O'Connell.

The H. D. (after examining them profoundly). Ah—and [they look it too!

[He has not the faintest notion what he means—nor has she. They move on pleased with themselves and one another.

The C. C. (halting before an Elderly Gentleman who is sitting down). He's not ari so well done as the others; wants cleaning up a bit. They have let him get so shabby. They might stand him a better 'at. Ugly old beggar too. Does it say who he's meant for?

The E. G. (angrily). Go away, Sir. What do you mean by these remarks? You're no gentleman, Sir!

The C. C. (moving off hastily). Well, if he ain't one of the figgers, he ought to be added, that's all.

IN HALL NO. 3.

The H. D.'s Female. HENNERY, come here, quick! (HENNERY is engaged in mistaking Mr. George Odger for John Wycliffe, but tears himself away from this fascinating occupation). HENNERY, this (recently) is the identical umbrella Dr. KENKELY threw down in the House of Commons.—Why did he throw it down?

The H. D. (with a confused recollection of Burke). Because he said it was what would be at every Englishman's throat if they didn't give the Claimant his rights.

His Female (critically). It's not real Alpaca.

The H. D. That doesn't signify. It's the principle of the thing, he was arguing for.

A Small Child (who has discovered that her remarks cause grown-up people to smile, and becomes more voluble in consequence). All the Kings and Queens are only big dollies, and they look half asleep. Mother, aren't the Kings and Queens big dollies, and don't they look half asleep? Big half-asleep dollies. Mother, aren't they? I want to see the babies—where are the babies, Mother? May I see the babies? Will they be like MARY's baby? Will MARY's baby be here? Why won't MARY's baby be here? Is MARY's baby a dolly, Mother? Will MARY be here?

[And so on, until the proud Mother is afraid she will forget half the clever things PETSY has said.

IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

The Ghouls do everything thoroughly, deriving especial satisfaction from the sight of the identical knife employed in a celebrated case, and a pleasing plan of a skeleton, with all the burnt and missing bones indicated in shaded ink, after which they retire to have a comfortable tea, and talk over what they have seen. The Habitual Donkey is surprised to hear afterwards, that he passed Napoleon's Carriage in the Napoleon Chamber. He had heard it was there—but forgot to look out for it. The Comic Cockney got into the vehicle, of course, pulled out all the drawers and lockers, and made POLLY giggle by pretending to be Napoleon. So we are able to bring down our Curtain upon a scene of universal contentment.

## TWO JUBILEES.—A HARMONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.



St. Peter's and St. James's face to face,  
 Exchanging, with a more than courtly grace,  
 Their mutual gifts and greetings!  
 A sight to stir the bigot; but the wise  
 Regard with cheerful and complacent eyes;  
 This pleasantest of meetings.

Queen, fresh from fifty years of glorious sway;  
 Pontiff, in the great Headship strong, though grey;  
 A world's good wishes gather,  
 From gentle hearts of all the creeds, to dower  
 With love the two chief types of high-placed power,  
 Good Queen and Holy Father.

Two Jubilees! Patriot Punch is nothing loth  
 In line and verse to celebrate them both.  
 True freeman he, unfettered  
 By servile fear, or hate's poor purblind heat.  
 When such great opposites in friendship meet,  
 Wit and the world seem bettered.

The willing bow of mutual respect  
 Leaves individual honour still erect,  
 And liberty unshaken.  
 What bulwark fails because across the lands  
 Two diverse Sovereigns their illustrious hands  
 In amity have taken?

## THE RIME OF A FAMOUS FICTIONIST.

[See Mr. WALTER BESANT'S Article "On the Writing of Novels," in *Atalanta* for December, and Mr. *Punch's* comments on the same in No. for December 24.]

## I.

It is a famous Fictionist,  
And his eyes are full of woe—  
"By thy many books in MUDIE'S list,  
Now wherefore lookst thou so?"  
Eftsoons he breathes a heavy sigh:  
"There was a lass," quoth he:  
"One lass? Nay more—a hundred score—  
And they listened all to me!  
"The scratching of a myriad pens  
Engaged on compositions  
Moved by the hands of myriad girls  
'Of all sorts and conditions.'  
"They wrote of things they ne'er had seen—  
Their words were wild and hollow;  
And every day, for work or play,  
This one pursuit did follow.  
"In editorial pigeon-holes  
Their manuscripts you'll find,  
Or else, alack! they all came back,  
Inscribed,—'With thanks, declined.'  
"Now rouse thee, famous Fictionist,  
From this despondent plight!  
What happened then?"—"With my steel pen  
I taught those Girls to write!"

## II.

"The sea of ink now rose and spread,  
And filled the wondering town—  
I was the first, with pen accurst  
To break the barriers down.  
"Down dropt the prices paid of old  
By publishers to me—  
Now every girl could write as well,  
'Twas sad as sad could be!  
"The *Golden Butterfly* did seem  
No bigger than a gnat,  
My steel is broken, and my quill  
Is played with by the cat!  
"Ah, well-a-day! What evil looks  
On young and old I shed.  
And now I, in the place of books,  
Make bricks to earn my bread!"

## "MARRY NOT COME UP."

(A Page from a Realistic Romance of the Near Future.)

ANGELINA sat in her boudoir pondering over her past. She saw herself a child many, many years ago; then a young lady just released from school; then a Parish Visitor, a Hospital Nurse, an Authoress, and a Doctor. And all through her life—her long life—EDWIN had been true! It was a sweet thought! She yielded herself so thoroughly to the sentiment of the moment that she failed to observe that the man of all others before whom she would wish to make a brave show was standing in the room in front of her. He had entered the apartment unobserved while she had been lost in a reverie. With admirable tact he stumbled over a chair, and thus gave her time to compose herself without embarrassment.

"EDWIN!" she exclaimed, "how you startled me!"

"I am sorry to hear it, dear ANGELINA; for believe me that I am conscious that persons at our time of life—"

"EDWIN!" she cried, beseechingly.

"Nay, hear me out, ANGELINA! It would be false kindness, my darling, if I had tried to conceal the truth. My own loved one, you will never see the sunny side of sixty."

"You once used to say I was no more than fifty," she put in with a pout that was half playful, half reproachful.

"You are right, my own soul!" he cried, passionately; "but that, darling, was fully ten years ago. But be that as it may, all I would say is that at our time of life—you hear, darling—*our*!—a sudden shock is most injurious to us. Now, I would give worlds if you could guess what I wish to say to you."



## FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Unemployed Party (who has not received the donation he begged for). "YAH!  
'I TRICKED YER LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNAOW!'"

"How can I?" she asked, with a coquettish glance from beneath her spectacles.

"I have been trying to prepare you for it for more than twenty years. Can you not guess my secret?"

She looked down and sighed. Then she put her finger near her mouth, and smiled.

"How like the attitude in that picture of you, over yonder—painted nearly half a century ago!"

"You are very troublesome with your dates, EDWIN!" said ANGELINA, rather tartly.

"My own, do not speak harshly to me. Believe me, if I did not suffer from rheumatism, I would throw myself on my knees at your feet. My own, my darling, will you be my wife?"

For a moment ANGELINA blushed with joy. Then she turned as white as marble. "Impossible!" she said at last, in a harsh sad voice that sounded the very utterance of despair.

"Why impossible?" he exclaimed, with all a lover's tenderness.

"We must be worthy of our order," said the noble middle-aged person firmly. "We must not do what *they* would not do. Have you not read the Registrar-General's Report?"

"I have," he answered, gloomily.

"Then I need not argue the matter so ably advocated. EDWIN, my own, my soul, my darling, we cannot marry because we are too young!"

And EDWIN bowed his head in silence, because he knew that ANGELINA was not talking at random—that ANGELINA was right.

And while these two fond hearts prudently pined away in single happiness, the recipe for making wedding-cakes was lost to the world for ever!

## WONDERFUL CREATURES!

WHAT is a 'Permanent Deacon?'  
He is a man with a rich field [Why,  
Of work before him,  
Authority o'er him,  
Has "W. D. LICHFIELD."

"No charge for him has yet appeared,  
In tithe-list, tax or poor-rate;  
'A Permanent Deacon's' not so  
weird  
As a 'Perpetual Curate!'"

WHAT KILRAIN wished SMITH on January 1, 1888. A "Happy New 'Ear."



## PUGILATIO REDIVIVA.

(BY THE GHOST OF CORINTHIAN TOM.)

"I SEE, my dear COZ," remarked CORINTHIAN TOM to JERRY HAWTHORN, as they conversed in The Shades, "that there has been a revival in London of the noble Art of Self-defence." "Indeed!" replied HAWTHORN. "How well I remember how we 'dropped in'



upon Mr. JACKSON in old days, and how you introduced me to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, who was blowing a cloud, and whose Jack Boots weighed twenty pounds." "Yes," said TOM, "and we saw a rather shady set-to with the gloves, the last time we revisited 'the glimpses of the moon.'—What say you to a trip to earth again, for an investigation of LIFE IN LONDON of to-day?"

JERRY HAWTHORN was agreeable, and he and CORINTHIAN TOM were soon in the midst of "LIFE IN LONDON," and lost no time in calling on young BOB LOGIC, who was a "gay spark" like his father, and quite au fait with all the SPREES of the Metropolis. "Fashions have changed, my dear COZ," said the CORINTHIAN, "and the young SUCKS and REQUISITES seem to us to dress strangely; but I suppose their attire is 'all the go' now, and these are the swell suits made by the DICKY PRIMERIF of the day." "Right you are, old Chappie," said young BOB LOGIC. "And now, what is it you want to see?" JERRY was rather scandalised at the "free and easy" tone of young BOB towards such a GO among the "GOKS" as the CORINTHIAN, but TOM merely smiled and said, "Well, Master BOB, we have heard that the Ring or Stage of Pugilism is once more a feature of 'LIFE IN LONDON,' and in search of Character we would compare the Present with the Past." "Nothing easier," said young BOB. "Let us look in at the Flamingo Club some Sunday night, and you can see 'sparing' to your heart's content; in fact I think I can introduce you to a regular good 'glove-fight.'" The Trio went to the Flamingo, and truly it presented a motley sight. It was full of the most extraordinary characters of LIFE IN LONDON, all jostling each other with the utmost sang-froid. There were the SWELL and the Snob—the MUMMER and the Mug—the JAW and the Juggins—the FLAT and the Sharp—the TRADESMAN and the Toff—the COMIC (?) VOCALIST and the City-faker—the TURFIER and the Welsher—the BLACK-LEG and the Pigeon—in short it was an epitome of "high" and "low" life, while, as the CORINTHIAN observed to his COZ, "GENTLEMEN seemed to be scarcer than they were in 'old days.'" Everyone was drinking. "S. and B.," "Whiskey and Potash," "Gin and Ginger-beer," "Bitter Beer," "Stout," "Port," "Sherry," and "Champagne," were much in demand, nearly everyone too was "blowing a cloud," and a great many of these Votaries of Bacchus were three sheets in the wind, reminding CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN of the Oxonian and his inclination to get *boaky*.

A person, apparently of Irish extraction, who seemed to have a "good conceit of himself," was then introduced to the company as the CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, and proceeded to box with another individual who had come "in his wake." "Now," said the CORINTHIAN, "we shall see whether this supposed 'slogger,' is as

'handy with his mauleys' as my old friend Mr. JACKSON." He soon discovered, however, that this so-called "sparring-match," was but a sham, for the individual who was boxing with the CHAMPION, contented himself with "warding off" the blows and never returned them; or, if he did so, it was in a most half-hearted manner. On inquiring of young BOB the reason of this, he said, "Oh, the 'bloke's' his attendant, paid to stand up and be pummelled, don't you know," whereupon the CORINTHIAN expressed his high indignation at what he termed "such prodigious humbug," and wondered that H.R.H. should have condescended to patronise it.

There was no doubt, however, but that the Art of Self-Defence was once more on the tapis, and Dame Rumour had given the office to some of the "knowing coves" that two aspirants for pugilistic honours were to meet in the Prize Ring. But it was said that the battle was to be in France, and CORINTHIAN TOM declined to witness a fight that did not take place on BRITISH soil. "No," said he, "I witnessed the memorable combat between TOM CRIBB and MOLINEUX at Thistleton Gap, and if I cannot see a 'set-to' in the Ring in my native country, I will not do so elsewhere." Young BOB LOGIC, however, who had the "tip," went off with some brother FLAMINGOS, and on an island in the Seine among the "Parley-voos," he witnessed the "fistic encounter" between the representatives of England and America. He came back in great glee at having "queered the bobbies" on this side the Channel and "bothered the gendarmes" on the other, and CORINTHIAN TOM observed to his COZ, that young BOB was evidently a "prime favourite" among the Chappies and Gommies, and like a certain sprightly "nymph of the stage," he could always "count upon the boys." It certainly seemed also that this encounter had been full of "go." The "Cookles" of the hearts of CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN warmed as they heard and read of "fibbing" and "countering" of "red-hot smacks," "left-handers on the nob," "rib-roasters," "upper-cuts," "exchanges," "bashes," "knock-downers," "body-punches," "spankers," "welts," "smashers," "whistlers," "rattling ivories," "stingers," "bangs," "hot-uns," and of the "tapping" of the "claret," and the flowing of "the ruby." It was said by some cavillers that there was too much scuffling, or as they called it "cuddling," but as CORINTHIAN TOM remarked, "it was the sort of 'cuddling' no man would care for who was not 'in training,' as it involved heavy punishment and hard fighting." JERRY HAWTHORN agreed with him, and said, "both men appeared to have shown pluck." "You are right," said the CORINTHIAN, "both the combatants showed skill, stamina, and manly intrepidity. They were no feather-bed fighters as has been insinuated, and their gameness was proved beyond question. This meeting indeed will take rank with the OLYMPIAN encounter between SAYERS and HEENAN."

"Right you are," said young BOB; "but do you think the Beaks are going to stand a revival of the Prize Ring, or will the Bobbies still be down on us?" "That," said the CORINTHIAN, "is a poser, I see that one Monitor of the Public warns us that we need not 'hug ourselves with the delusion' that the days of the Ring will return. It reminds us too of the 'plants' and 'crosses' and of the *loosest of the low*, who supported pugilism. It seems to me then, that while there is no objection to our practising the Noble Art of Self-Defence, the PUGILISTIC ARENA will not be open to our modern gladiators. We shall no longer be able to *carol* as of old:—

"A Briton needs no poniards,  
No bravos 'long his street,  
His trust is in a strong-roped ring,  
A square of twenty-feet."

"Ah, well," said young BOB; "I suppose we shall still be allowed to have our private *turn-ups*, and I can tell you it's pretty warm work sometimes." "I do not think," continued the CORINTHIAN, "that we shall ever see such scenes again as in the Augustan Age of the Ring, but if we do, this combat is 'up to sample.'" It was made under the auspices of the best and most largely circulated of Sporting Newspapers, whose boast is '*Nunquam Dormio*,' which was once edited by my pal and biographer PIERCE EGAN, and Lords, Baronets, Officers, and many real sports and turfites—a truly select company—stood round the combatants. Yet he would be a rash man who dared to predict a real revival of 'the palmy days of the Prize Ring.' True, Boxing is once more forming part of LIFE IN LONDON; but, casting my optics on the Bruisers and Ginttons of the Past, I can but exclaim, in an ancient *lingo*—

"Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello  
Dextra."

## Randolph in Russia.

"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Christmas trip"  
Has set the tribe of quidnuncs skipping.  
Pooh! Though the Russian bear has grip,  
He'll hardly catch this "tripper" tripping!

MR. GLADSTONE SNOWBALLED AT DOVER.

"Be Kent unmannerly."—*Leas*, Act I., Scene 1.

## LANE AND GARDEN.

"*Anna virumque cano*," must be the motto of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS for this year's pantomime. Many an armour scene have we gazed on before, but never such a display as this. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la Pantomime*. I am not sorry to notice



Augustus "in propria Puss-owner."

that DRURIOLANUS does not go in for a Grand Transformation Scene. Madame KATTI LANKER's Fairies, some flowers, and a barque, or rather a pleasure-boat, in the distance, manned by children, is as much as he gives us, and quite enough after the surfeit of gorgeosity which the audience have had in the dozen or more foregoing scenes. Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and HARRY NICHOLLS are very droll as King and Queen, and though the "Old Gentleman and his Donkey," by the Brothers GRIFFITHS, may be a bit played out for the seniors, yet the children, for whose delectation Pantomime is primarily intended, will be delighted with the inimitable jackass.

The two Brothers of Jocelyn Marquis of Carabas will afford the youthful playgoer much amusement, and Jocelyn himself, impersonated by Miss WADMAN,—whom, of course *Uncle Toby* will take his nephews and nieces and all the little Shandean family to see, in tender memory of the *Widow Wadman*—looks handsome, and plays and sings charmingly. Master LAURI, the undefeated illustrator of Darwinian theories, is this year an agile cat instead of an acrobatic monkey. To quote the Pote, to the tune of "*Annie Laurie*,"—

At funny little LAURI  
We laugh until we cry.

The Silver Wedding *ballet* is to my thinking, the prettiest effect in the Pantomime, if not the prettiest thing seen for some years, even on the stage of Drury Lane. Like all modern Pantomimes, it requires condensation, for it begins too early and ends too late, so that our old friend Mr. HARRY PAYNE the Clown must be tired of waiting to come on, and his young friends have to be hurried off before he appears, or are too fatigued to enjoy the real humours of the Harlequinade. Miss LETTY LIND, as the *Princess Sweetarts*, reminded me of Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST in "the palmy days" of burlesque at the Gaiety—they are the leggy days now, and, according to newspaper reports, even the Gallerians and the Pittites demanded "something new" of their old favourites—but this by the way,—and also, in some of her dances, of Miss KATE VAUGHAN "as she used to was," when she *Kater'd* for the public at Christmas time and exemplified the poetry of motion. DRURIOLANUS is to be congratulated as usual, but I am sure Mr. Punch will strongly urge him to institute a new departure next Christmas, and, with one good spectacular scene, which should not anticipate the glories of the Transformation, and one specially "pretty" scene, let him give us lots of frolic, comic business, and real pantomime fun, all to be over by eleven, and at ten let the Harlequinade commence. Such a Pantomime would come, to quote the poet, "like a boon and a blessing to men." I must not forget to mention the pantomime heads and hands at Drury Lane, which are works of genuine Comic Art.

In the Garden.—If it be a difficult matter to decide which is the better of the two Pantomimes, The Lane or The Garden, the latter can at least claim CONQUEST, who is the best Giant I've seen for a long time. There are plenty of good things in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, from Jack, Miss FANNY LEBLIE, who is full of beans, down to the little boys, the NOASETTES (odd name, sounds like that of a bankrupt family, "No assets") who perform really wonderfully on miniature bicycles. The drilling scene of youthful soldiers—all "Sons of Mars," of course, as you can tell by their "pas"—will

delight the children, as will also the very pretty mixed costume ballet and horseshoe music of the clever Village Blacksmith's family, which last entertainment deserved its triple *encore*.

In the Butterfly Ballet at the Grasshoppers' Feast, the dancing of Signora SOZO is anything but so-so, while "*Fun on the Quiet*" by Messrs. GRIFFITH and ARDELL, attired as negro cooks—each a study in black and white—is a most original performance, with real humour in it. They do wonderful acrobatic feats with tables and chairs, but always as if in the Giant's absence they were "snatching a fearful joy," but a joy which knows no bounds, as is shown by their marvellous acrobatic feats—and were afraid of making such a noise as might wake the Monster, who would return and spoil their sport, as his black looks would soon put even these two niggers out of countenance. Mr. FRANK HALL as *Old King Cole* with some sparks of fun in him, gets most of it, however, out of his make-up which bears an absurd but striking resemblance to the well known features of a certain noble Lord, not altogether unknown in the yachting and theatrical world. Messrs. WOOD and WILKINSON make two very comic old women, and there are plenty of brisk tunes, singing, and dancing. I must not forget the "*Change Artists*," M. CASCABEL, whose metamorphoses will delight Mr. Barlow's young friends more than those of OVID. His "*SARA B.*," however, is a mistake.

Some of the scenes are charmingly painted, some by CALLOOTT, some of the rustic sort by BANKS—"Mossy Banks." Perhaps the best Landscape is the Exterior of Castle Terror, which is a work of HART.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH's Transformation Scene, might be effective without the Moderator Lamps and coloured shades; as it is, it can only be spoken of as moderately successful. In the Harlequinade, which begins about a quarter to eleven, there are four scenes, a double supply of Clowns, Columbines, and a pair of Pantaloons. Quite a surfeit of



Time! Jack before the Conquest.

Pantomimists with one Harlequin. I don't think little SANDY, though advertised in the bill, was one of the Clowns, but there were a pair of Pantaloons, though only one was mentioned in the bill.

Which is the better? Which takes the Twelfth Cake?

But their merits who can measure—  
Covent Garden? Drury Lane?  
In one you may find pleasure,  
In the other you'll find PAYNE.

The verdict must be pronounced by the Children who will be taken to see both. So Girls and Boys come out to the play, the moon it shines as bright as day; and so, wishing a happy holiday-time to all of my young friends, I am

Yours seasonably,  
ARTY LAFFER.

## Fair Trader.

"I'LL give you a wrinkle," says Time,  
To Professional Beauty, now fading.  
She replies, "I have got one, for I'm  
Shopkeeping—call it Fair-Trading."

MANY of the Foreign Journalists should be dear to the heart of General SALVATIONIST BOOTH, as they contribute to keep up *The War Cry*.

## BY A TRUE BLUE.

TRUE Toryism's nature hid? 'Tis, on the Commonweal a skid,  
I'll furnish a solution: Preventing Revolution!



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

WHY, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FOR THE SIXTH TIME! NOW, IF I HAD WANTED TO SEE YOU, I DARE SAY WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MET AT ALL!"

### BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

THE Year that is opening freshly before us  
Should ring with the right merry music of bells;  
Out on ye, Owls, hooting wildly in chorus!  
Why hail ye its advent with croakings and yells?  
Like iron-clawed harpies, like foul-feathered furies,  
Ye hover and hurry, ye flutter and fuss.  
Poor young Eighty-Eight in his seat scarce secure is;  
Why fruitlessly fluster and frighten him thus,  
With ominous notes that so jangle and jar?  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!  
Tu-whit, to-War!

You goggle-eyed, goose-quilled, incontinent croakers,  
You trouble our tympanums all the year round.  
Of shindy up-stirrers, of passion provokers,  
Your idiot fury is often all sound,  
And signifies—nothing not selfish and sinister,  
Trick of sensation, or dodge of finance.  
Why must your voices to violence minister?  
Why should you lead our poor world such a dance?  
Why must you chorus round battle's red ear?  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!  
Tu-whit, to-War!

Surely of follies the maddest, infernalesst,  
Out of all follies that fire our sad earth,  
Is the hysterical heat of the journalist,  
Cynical Mommus it moves to wild mirth.  
Partlet as Mars proudly posing, and fluttering  
Feathers villatic, seems strangely absurd.  
Owlet in tones of an oracle uttering  
Cackles of wrath, looks a ludicrous bird.  
Silly your shriek, yet it soundeth afar,  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!  
Tu-whit, to-War!

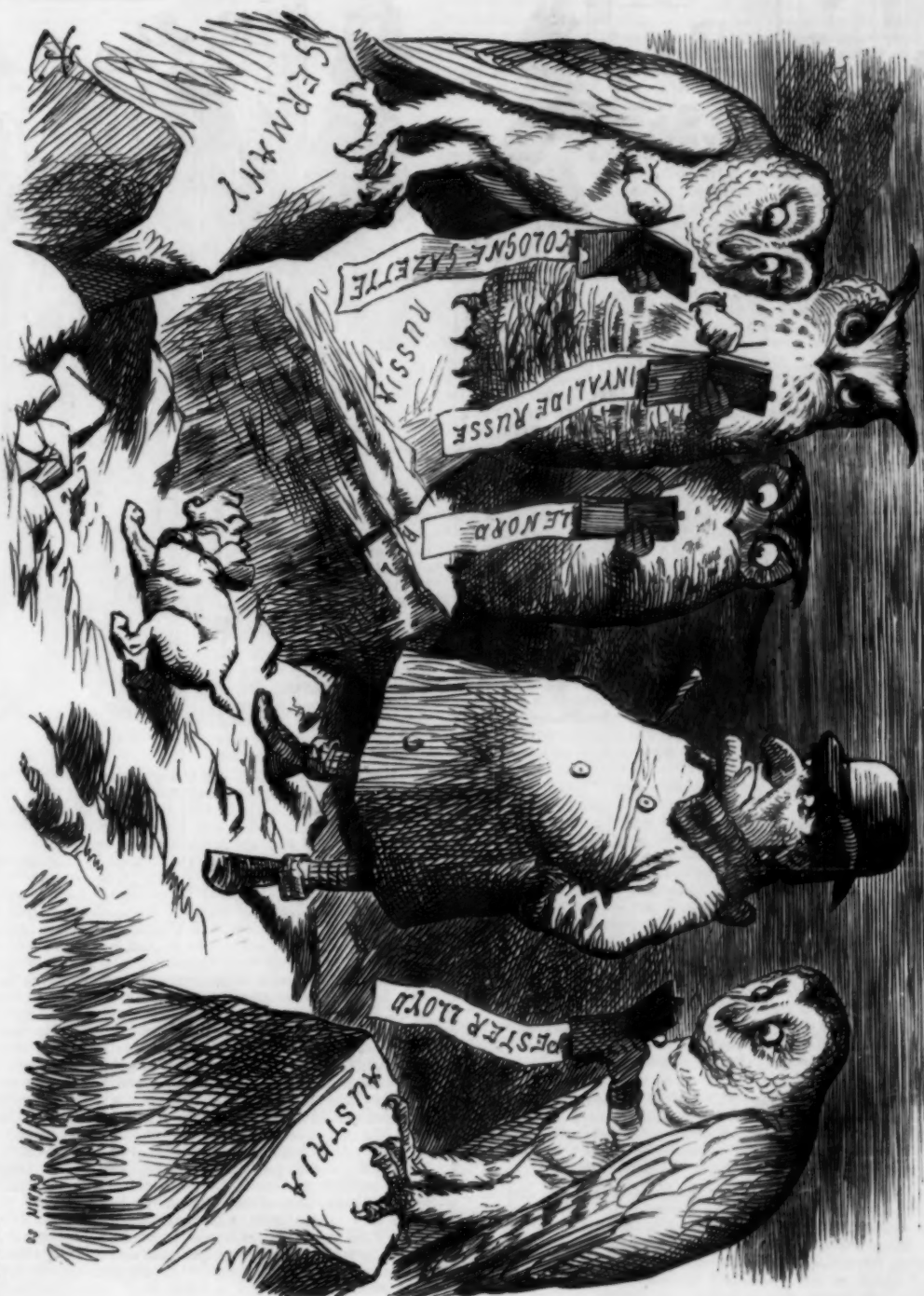
Bundles of fluff in a belfry belabouring  
Night's wearied ear with cacophonous din,  
Must be a nuisance to residents neighbouring  
Still noisy foolishness needs not be sin.  
But your réclame, oh, ye furies in feathers,  
Passes mere folly, and counts among crimes  
Birds of ill omen, who hoot in all weathers,  
Shriek at all seasons, and croak at all times,  
Nothing your baneful mad music can bar;  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!  
Tu-whit, to-War!

Birds, when the Bourse and Bellona foregather,  
Their meeting means Mischief, and ye are its Voice.  
If common sense could but silence your blather,  
Peace would much profit, and Peoples rejoice.  
Out on ye, Owls! To Sensation and Mammon  
Merciless mouth-pieces sure are ye all.  
Shriek ye of Glory? 'Tis all greed and gammon  
Why should a scare-shaken world be your thral'l?  
All its best prospects your hootings can mar,  
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!  
Tu-whit, to-War!

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"—Lord GRIMTHORPE (a BECKETT of Yorkshire, not of Wiltshire), announces that he is prepared to support homoeopathy. This being the case, it seems a pity that his Lordship does not apply the principles to his own correspondence. He gives us plenty of letters before proof. We should prefer proof before letters.

ENGLISH IN INDIA.—Commenting on a recent Progress in a Presidency, the *Times* observes that:—"A travelling Governor is expected to sift the appeals of convicts who protest that the case against them was a 'concoctation.'" Mrs. RAM might book that word among her memoranda.





## BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

CHORUS OF FOREIGN JOURNALISTS, "TU-WHIT!—TO-WAR!—TU-WHIT!—TO-WAR!!"  
MR. P. "OUT ON YE, OWLS, NOTHING BUT SONGS OF DEATH!"



REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE  
FOR THE YEAR 1880



## THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM PRINCE GRANDOLPH OF BULGARIA.

Moscow, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

I LEARN through the usual sources of information, that the heart of London, beating in unison with those of the capitals of the Continent, is throbbing with anxious curiosity as to the real meaning of my visit to ALEXANDER. You have a theatre burnt, Mr. GL-DST-NE has his birthday as usual, and B-LF-N having put O'BR-N in prison, carries out the Plan of Campaign by a wholesale reduction of judicial rents. These things, of course, excite ripples of interest; but I can quite understand that what the people are really thinking

of is my visit to Russia, what it means and what it may portend.

Whilst this in some sense gratifies me, I confess it also tickles me, and now and again I break forth into the melodious laugh with which my friends are familiar. As you will presently learn, the journey has had its serious consequences, fraught with interest for the civilised world. But in the privacy of confidential correspondence I may admit for your ear only, that it was the merest accident that brought me here. I had meant to go to Spain, to spend the winter months before the Spring-time of the new Session. I had arranged with a companion, and had definitely fixed our destination. OL-V-N M-RT-GU was the man, and Seville the place, where we promised ourselves to eat the orange of contentment amid the groves of idleness. Everything was settled for the journey, when it occurred to me that it would be good fun to do exactly the reverse of what I had proposed to myself and announced to others as a fixed intention. Looking over the Map of Europe where was the place most absolutely opposed to Spain in all its associations and relations? Russia of course. If people expected me to turn up at Seville, St. Petersburg was the spot for me. They have not been talking much about me lately, not nearly as much as was the vogue this time last year. It was time I did something. This sudden change of settled plan would puzzle them. If I called on B-SM-RCK *en route*, and proceeded to pay a morning visit to the Czar, here were all the elements of that excitement which now agitates European politics. B-SM-RCK it was true wouldn't play. He declined to see me, putting me off with H-AN-RT. (Strange that two eminent statesmen should each be handicapped with the bright possession of a HERBERT.) But I saw the Czar, and though it was only in travelling between St. Petersburg and Gatchina that a certain happy thought occurred to me, we settled it all at the interview. "Sire," I said, "you are in difficulties about Bulgaria. You want a Prince. You have tried two; both failures. Try me." "I will," said the Czar. "You are the very man for the post." So I'm to be Prince of Bulgaria, TOBY, I'm to be Prince of Bulgare!

It has all been very sudden, and I can yet hardly realise the absolute change in my position and prospects. But, to tell the truth, I have been a little disappointed, and am awary of insular politics. There is no use disguising the fact that what followed

upon my resignation of the Chanceryship of the Exchequer was a sad blow to me. I thought it would break up the Government; but it did not even lead to H-NRY M-TTH-WS' retirement. Things went on very much as before, if not more so, and I was left out in the cold. An added sting of bitterness was given by watching the growing prosperity of my old henchmen. B-LF-N, whom I used to bully, has become quite a personage, and even dreams of permanently harring me out of the Leadership of the House of Commons. W-LFFY—who used to fetch and carry my glass of mediatised water when I spoke in debate, used to sit on the extreme end of the bench, and reverentially gather up the folios of my notes as I ran through them—is now His Excellency, Minister to the Court of the SHAH, and comfortably provided for life. He sent me, the other day, a copy of the sketch of himself he did for you, with his flowing robes, his turbaned head, his jewelled fingers, his impossible scimitar, and his hookah. W-LFFY with a hookah! Reminds me of *Silas Wegg*, and *Boffins* delight at finding in him "a literary man with a wooden leg."

These things are bitterness to a soul not prone to placidity. And then there's GL-DST-NE revelling in another birthday, making a fresh triumphal progress through the country, and delivering a new series of railway-station speeches, only too sparsely punctuated with snowballs. Travelling from Berlin the other day, I was looking through *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and came upon a prophetic description of the foxy Old Man, with his way "*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas*." Isn't that a perfect description of his habitual manner, as manifested, for example, in his Dopping letter? I am awary of him and everybody, and, now I come to think of it, even of you, dear TOBY. The Czar's prompt adoption of my suggestion removes me from associations which I regard with growing dislike, and opens up quite a new prospect of usefulness. BATTENBERG THE FIRST, a pretty puppet, made things generally hot from Sophia. FERDINAND, succeeding to the post, has got the fat in the fire. Modesty prevents me from even hinting at what I may do in so favoured a position. But you may take it from me that I shall, generally, make Europe sit up. So no more at present. But, if you're waking, call me early, call me early, TOBY dear; For I'm to be Prince of Bulgaria, I'm to be Prince of Bulgare!

Yours faithfully,

R-ND-LPH S. CH-ACH-LL.

## A SPIRITED POLICY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FIND from a letter in the *Times* that it has been suggested to invent a universal language, to be called "Volapük" and that the writer of the letter objects to the proposal, on the score that an all-but-universal language already exists. The aggrieved gentleman, plagiarising from one of your own immortal "Happy Thoughts," says in effect, "Why not have a universal language—for choice, English?" I echo, "Why not?" but with the love of fair play, the birthright of a Briton, I cannot help looking at the other side. "Why not Volapük?" let us ask, if only for the sake of argument. According to the *Times*, a majority of its readers believe that Volapük is "the language of the spirits," and this certainly seems a very plausible explanation. Taking this interpretation of the term, would it not be easy to construct a language that would be easily understood, and would have the advantage of being shorter than ordinary English? Volapük, or the language of the spirits, I take it, would have a proneness to contract whole sentences into one word, and considerably abbreviate nouns of more than three syllables. I can easily imagine what this "language of the spirits" (which in a certain, or rather, uncertain sense is a universal language) would be. Perhaps, better to explain my meaning, I may be permitted to give a few examples. The new tongue, it is proposed, shall be used for "Commercial and Diplomatic purposes," and I imagine in the subjoined a conversation between a Diplomatist and a Merchant upon a subject connected with Commerce and Diplomacy.

Merchant. Gladseeyerolef'ler. ThingsbeeslybadCityolef'ler!

Diplomatist. Treatybrinbosholef'ler. Beeslybosholef'ler!

Merchant. Tellyerwhat. Brish'dusty, goindooolef'ler!

Diplomatist. Allrightolef'ler! M'selfgoingbed—in m'boots, olef'ler! Merchant. So'm I! Olef'ler!

I do not say that the above "language of the spirits" is better than ordinary English, I merely say it is shorter. Ordinary English too, to a great number of people, would mean a special training, whereas "the language of the spirits," as I imagine it, could be secured by everyone after a rather pleasant and natural preparation. The worst that could be said of the latter tongue would be, that it was "too easy to begin," or "rather a rum language." But what of that, movements in the cause of freedom are not to be killed by ridicule, and I fancy that the movements necessitated by the assumption of the "spirit talk" would be free as well as easy.

I remain, with much respect, yours sincerely,

A TALKER UNSUITED TO A TEA.

The Junipers, Toddy-on-the-Brain, Brandyandwatermerrers.



**'A HAND AT WHIST.'**

*Hostess (at Christmas gathering). "GENTLEMEN, HERE'S MR. HAYCROFT SAYS HE'LL MAKE A FOURTH, IF YOU WANT A RUBBER. THE YOUNG MEN ARE ALL DANCING."*

*Mr. H. (Suffolk Farmer). "OOH, I SHALL BE MOOST HAPPY. THA'S A GAME I AL'AYS WANTED TO L'ARN!"*

*[The Host, and Old Deuceace, and Captain Poyntz look rather blank!]*

**THE HOLIDAY-MAKER'S VADE MECUM.**

*Question. Have you kept Christmas in the customary fashion?*

*Answer. Certainly, with the result of loathing the sight of roast turkey, and hating the slightest reference to plum-pudding and mince pies.*



*Merry go-rounders.*

*Q. I suppose the evergreen Miss NELLY FARREN was sprightly, Miss MARION HOOD melodious and coquettish, and Mr. FRED LESLIE quaint and amusing?*

*A. I see you have the stereotyped praise by heart. Yes, it will do on this occasion, as it has done before. However, Miss FARREN certainly did not look her best in the character of a stage-coachman, and I fancied that Mr. LESLIE was inclined to "gag." For instance, in the last Act he appeared in the disguise of a bear; and, when he was followed by four others in similar costumes who caused derision, observed, "Here come some more low comedians." If the authors wrote those words they wrote unwisely.*

*Q. Is it true that Mr. E. J. LONNEN sings an Irish song?*

*A. Strange as it may seem to you, that is indeed the case. You*

*can imagine how mirth-provoking it is when I tell you that one of the verses describes how a dispensary doctor mended a broken head with a second-class railway-carriage.*

*Q. I suppose this merry conceit had to go a long way?*

*A. Most of the way. Mr. LONNEN as a vampire depressed me.*

*Q. But did not he call somebody "good old Mary Ann?"*

*A. He called her this several times. It was funny—at first.*

*Q. Is not the last scene with its procession of Planets well worth seeing?*

*A. Assuredly, by those who have never been present at a satin or armour parade arranged by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The Gaiety procession was a faint reflection of the gorgeous original at Drury Lane.*

*Q. Have you been to see the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall?*

*A. That have I. It was not bad. A wild-beast tamer was wonderfully good, and seemed as much at home amongst lions, tigers, and bears, as you and I should be enjoying a cigar in a Club smoking-room. Then there were some new-fashioned roundabouts, and a wonderful pantomime in RICHARDSON'S show, and a fat lady. I was very much struck by the improvement in the musical instruments attached to the show. Orchestrons have ousted hand-organs.*

*Q. Have you not also been to Dalston to see a Circus?*

*A. Yes. It was a beautiful Circus, but I do not want to see it again.*

*Q. And Olympia, have you not also seen that?*

*A. "Good old Olympia?"—yes, I have. The programme might contain something new, without spoiling the entertainment.*

*Q. Would you like to go to the Victoria Palace of Varieties, the Zoological Gardens, or an imitation of the Wild West at the Albert Palace?*

*A. No, I would rather not—far rather not.*

*Q. And why not?*

*A. Because this is Christmas-time, and should be a season of pleasure for every one. I cannot help feeling that a visit to either of the places you have mentioned would be indeed a sad commencement to the glad New Year.*





FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS



"TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON"



THE UNEMPLOYED



THE DUKE AND MINERVA



PUNCH AND HERMOINE  
(KING AND QUEEN)



THE MUD LARK



WILLIAM AND SUSAN



THE LICENSED VISTLER



BRIAN O'LYNN

Brian O'Lyinn 'I can't see you  
I'm not dressed.'

My. Furnier

MR. PUNCH'S TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.



INVITING!

(A Reminiscence of the late Frost.)

## COMING UP TO THE SCRATCH.

"Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Or old, when French enemies fell out, they fought,  
Until one gave the other "his gruel."  
To-day if revenge (and *réclame*) should be sought,  
They go through the farce of a duel.  
A scratch, not like *Tybalt's*, is all that can come  
From these comical bodkin-priek matches.  
'T would seem that a Gaul, like a girl—or a "Tom"—  
Has a true feline fondness for scratches!

## PEEPS AT THE PICTURES.

*Royal Academy.*—Second day of Exhibition of Works by the Old Masters. Avoided Private View, my object being Paintings not People. First-rate collection—(Do not like the word "collection" as a rule, because it reminds me of "going round with the plate," but in this instance it means going round with the pictures)—specially notable for the Dutch Room, which, as high up as immortal Dutchmen can go, is quite a little Dutch Oven below.

No 7. A "Turner." There are some fine specimens of TURNER here, and this is one of the best. He was perpetually painting sunsets, and yet he was a subject of the British Empire, on which, as we know, "the sun never sets." Consequently he never saw a sunset. What a wealth of imagination!

No 12. Portrait of a "Butler," with a query "(P)" after his name. Evidently the Academicians didn't know which butler it was, whether TOOKER Butler or THORPE Butler. It is by Sir PETER LELY.

No 33. *A Carriage and Pair.* Queer pair in the Carriage, specially the lady in high feather. STURMS, A.R.A., did it.

No 43. It is called *The Countess of Cork.* Nonsense: Countess of BURNET Cork perhaps, but undoubtedly a portrait of Mrs. STERLING, the inimitable actress, 1888. Anyhow, a sterling work of Art by Mr. Punch's old friend, "Mr. BRIGGS," (R.A.)

No 44. *Sea-Piece, or Sea-Tranquil.* By CONSTABLE, R.A. This is not an ordinary Constable, but a Special Constable. Sir CHARLES WARREN will be delighted with these first-rate specimens of Con-

stables. So will the Socialist rioters, because all the Constables here are suspended.

No 53. What the Academicians call "*A Music Party*," by PETER DE HOOGHE. Ahem! "My fan, PETER, my fan!"

No 55. "*A Merry Making*." One ham between sixteen of 'em. JAN STEEN.

No 58. "*A Man Smoking*." One head and *Ten-ears*.

No 60. "*A Flower-piece*," by PETER FAES, in his best phase.

No 65. Portrait of "*Catherine Adams*," by JOHANNES VERSPRONCK, highly finished. Although she evidently had said to the artist, "You must take me in the ruff,—just as I am."

No 72. "*A Dutch Lady*," by FERDINAND BOL. This picture is so Rembrandtish as to suggest as a title a "*Bol Masqué*."

No 74. "*A Mill*," a quiet, secluded spot, just the place for a Mill: no police near. REMBRANDT knew what he was about.

No 75. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN as the "*Laughing Cavalier*," by FRANK HOLL; no, beg Dutchman's pardon, FRANK HALL.

No 107. "*The Fight Interrupted*," by JAN STEEN; probably intended as a sequel to "*The Mill*."

No 109. Here is an "old woman" who lives in a frame, She's painted by REMBRANDT, what matters her name?

No 134. "*Europa*." More American than European, and suggestive of "*Bull's Run*."

No more at present. Only able to look in at The Grosvenor, where they have some great Hogarth Diamonds. Home, and so to dinner. Your old friend and Diarist SUM PERKS.

## THE BUSYBODY.

(Dr. Watts adapted to the Day.)

How doth the little Busybody,  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather *kudos* day by day,  
And pine for "perks" and pow'r!  
How skillfully he shapes his "sells,"  
His meetings how he packs;  
With self-importance how he  
swells,  
What foolish fads he backs!

The Public, how he bores or galls,  
This buzzing busy B.,  
Starts maudlin "Leagues," that  
end in mulla,  
And pure fiddle-de-dee!

In works of folly and of fudge,  
His pompous days are passed,  
To find in Limbo's fog and sludge,  
Oblivion at last.

## PRESENTATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THE *Boskhi Mir* contains the following report of the reception of "Mr. SPENCER" by the Czar at a masquerade and fancy ball lately given by his Imperial Majesty:—

"Mr. SPENCER" appeared before the Sovereign habited in a costume considered by some spectators brilliant, but seeming in some eyes to border on grotesque. It was a uniform of the kind in English commonly called 'motley,' forming a picturesque combination of colours, mainly a symphony in white and red. In his hands he bore a salver, whereupon lay a string of real Cambridge sausages, which he respectfully presented, with the compliments of the season, to the august representative of the Great Bear. His Majesty was graciously pleased to receive the appropriate offering with his customary condescension, accompanying his expression of thanks with a significant wink of the eye, only asking, in addition, 'But where's the Turkey?'

The foregoing statement may be accepted as perfectly reliable.

## Growl by a Gourmet.

CIVILISATION is played out!

'Tis not cheap claret makes me sure of it,  
Nor is it GLADSTONE, nor the gout,

Nor failure to effect the cure of it.  
It is not Socialistic rot

About the rich all being sinners;  
What proves the world is going to pot

Is this dashed talk of—Penny Dinners!

## Drawing it Mild.

"A telegram from Massowah states that from intelligence received there it appears that the Negus is advancing by rapid stages."

THAT is all very well, as far as it goes. But isn't Negus a little mild for this time of the year? Instead of advancing the Negus, they would do much better to hurry up the Punch. *Aut Negus aut nullus* is a poor look-out in mid-winter.



# "BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."

From "The Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette."

When one has visited the Royal Dockyards at Woolwich and Chatham, and inspected the great ships of war with their powerful armament which the Admiralty are providing for the protection of Her Majesty's extensive coast lines, he is at once satisfied that "Britannia still rules the waves." While there are obvious differences of opinion between experts relative to the value of large and small war-ships in action, one has only to come to Portsmouth Harbour and see such formidable ships as the *Infatigable*, the *Iron Duke*, the *Devastation*, and others of equal armament, costing upwards of a million sterling to produce, with myriads of small torpedo craft, to become convinced that in the matter of naval construction England is not only keeping abreast with other countries, but is exceeding them.

Portsmouth Dockyard and Portsmouth Harbour are names familiar throughout the civilised world. It is here that all the war vessels and magnificent troopships of Her Majesty's service are fitted out for foreign stations. It is said that these ships are supplied with every conceivable necessary for the comfort of the officers and men; every precaution is taken to provide against sickness and disease caused by the sudden change of climate to which troops are subjected. It is said that every vessel belonging to Her Majesty's service leaving Portsmouth is not considered ready for sea without a liberal supply of St. Jacobs Oil. This marvellous remedy is not only used extensively on shipboard, but also in the several dockyards above mentioned. Mr. Frederick Payne, who lives at 62, Gladstone Street, Landport, Portsmouth, and who has been connected with the Portsmouth Dockyard for upwards of fourteen years, hands us the particulars of the most miraculous cure effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in the case of his wife, who for eight years had been a fearful sufferer from rheumatism.

Her limbs and shoulders were swollen to three times their natural size; her arms and hands were shapeless; much of the time her right shoulder was swollen to that extent that the top of the shoulder and the side of her face came together, and she suffered the most intense pain. Four years ago the disease settled in her back, making her completely helpless, the heart became so much involved that she was unable to make the slightest exertion without experiencing great difficulty in breathing. The only way she could lie in bed was by having the back of a chair set up behind her, and padded with pillows. Her husband was obliged to carry her up and down stairs night and morning, and she suffered such excruciating agony that she repeatedly fainted away. She became so much reduced in flesh that Mr. Payne says she was little more than a skeleton. She was treated by the best medical skill in Portsmouth and vicinity, employing four medical gentlemen in all, each of whom told her and her husband that they could do nothing whatever for her—that her case was chronic and past all hope of recovery. Last summer, being a little better, she went to a little town in Sussex for a few weeks, where she had another violent attack, suffering the most intense agony; and here follows a very interesting and most providential circumstance: It seems that the lady to whose house Mrs. Payne was carried had herself been cured of rheumatism in the shoulder by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and was very urgent in her request for Mrs. Payne to try it. In less than five minutes after the first application Mrs. Payne began to experience cessation from pain.

After the second application the pain had almost entirely disappeared, and before the contents of one bottle was exhausted, the pain and swelling had entirely gone, and, although weak and feeble, Mrs. Payne could walk about the house and grounds. From that time on she made a most satisfactory, rapid, and permanent recovery. Both Mr. Payne and his wife say that she has not been so well as she is now for fourteen years. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are most respected people, both are members of the Wesleyan Chapel in Landport, and Mr. Payne, as above stated, has been employed at Portsmouth Dockyard for fourteen years. The above was such a remarkable case that some of the chemists and dealers in Landport were called upon with the object in view of obtaining further information respecting this marvellous remedy, among others, Mr. Timothy White, 123 and 124, Commercial Road, Landport. Perseus, when interviewed, stated that the demand for this popular remedy was rapidly increasing, that he never knew less than sixty boxes at one order. When a remedy possesses such remarkable curative properties as those above mentioned, it is not to be wondered at that Her Majesty's troops are never considered ready for sea until a supply is on hand.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

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